Alarum sounds.

VVhat new alarum is this?
Bid euery souldier kill his prisoner.
Pist. Couple gorge. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.

Flew. Godes plud kill the boyes and the lugyge,
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be desired
In the worell now, in your conscience now.
Gower. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliue,
And the cowardly rascals that ran from the battell,
Themselues haue done this slaughter;
Beside, they haue carried away and burnt
All that was in the Kings Tent:
VVhereupon the king caused euery prisoners
Throat to be cut. Oh he is a worthy King.
Flew. I, he was borne at *Monmouth*;
Captaine *Gower*, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne?
Gower. Alexander the great.
Flew. VVhy I pray, is not big great?
As if I say, big, or great, or magnanimous,
I hope tis all one reckoning,
Saue the phrase is a little varation.
Gower. I thinke *Alexander* the great
VVas borne at *Macedon*,
His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*,
As I take it.
Flew. I thinke it was *Macedon* indeed
VVhere *Alexander* was borne:
Looke you Captaine *Gower*,
And if you looke into the Maps of the worell well,
You shall finde little difference betweene
Macedon and *Monmorth*. Looke you, there is